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THE
FORTUNE-HUNTER,
(Concluded.)

The remainder of the night was spent in fruitless consultation, and the morning found them as undetermined as at first. At length a dawn of deceitful hope broke upon them; while they sat at breakfast, a messenger delivered a letter for our hero, and went off suddenly without waiting for an answer. This raised all their expectation, and gave them new life, especially when it was found to come from the fair Advertiser, lamenting the misfortune of the preceding evening, and appointing a meeting that very morning, in Draper's gardens in the city. The mother immediately took fire at this, as it had always been her favourite scheme from the air of romance it carried, and looking at Mademoiselle with disdain, insisted upon his dressing himself directly, and attending the appointment, as there could be no deceit in a thing carried on thus, in the face of day. The adventurer's circumstances making him fond of catching at the faintest shadow of hope, he put himself in the best order he could, (for his wardrobe was greatly reduced by these disasters,) and set out upon the expedition without delay.— Upon his arrival in the gardens, he saw

Mrs. Commode walking with a very genteel young lady, in a most elegant and rich undress. As soon as Mrs. Commode saw him, she quitted the lady, and beckoning him into another walk, told him that was his mistress, that she was the daughter and sole heiress of the late lord Worthland, who dying while she was very young, had left her and his fortune in charge to his only brother a merchant in the city, who in hopes of inheriting her estate, was sending her over to France to put her into a nunnery; (for the family was Roman Catholic) but that having discovered his design, she had resolved to prevent it by marrying, and had fixed upon him for that purpose, from a liking she had taken to his person. She concluded with wishing him success, which she said depended upon his proceeding with spirit, as there was not a moment to be lost, and then took her leave, as it would be ruin to her, if any of the young lady's friends should chance to see her with them.

Our hero then encouraged, approached the fair one, with whom he entered into a conversation that soon led to the proposal, which was the object of both their views: accordingly, with some appearance of coyness, and many wailings of the cruel necessity that made such a breach of decorum indispensable, the trembling, blushing damsel con-

sented, and away they drove in an hackney-coach to the fleet, where the indissoluble knot was instantly tied, from whence they adjourned to his chambers, as a secure retirement till her friends should be reconciled.

While we leave this happy couple in possession of their mutual wishes, it may not be improper to explain some circumstances, which the reader may otherwise be possibly at a loss to comprehend. As soon as Mrs. Commode had acted her part in satisfying the revenge of Eusebius upon our adventurer, she went to him, and after giving him an account of the affair, asked him if he would pursue the scheme any farther, and upon his saying, that after that night he should never trouble his head about him, but leave him to go to the gallows his own way, took her leave without dropping the least hint of what she intended. For having perceived that he was a subject fit for her to work upon, she went directly to a woman of the town a customer of her's, who was so much in debt that she was not able to shew her face, and laid a scheme for her obtaining her liberty by marrying her. Accordingly, as the girl happened to have a strong resemblance of lord Worthland's daughter, whom our hero might probably have seen at public places, she dressed out to the best advantage, and made her assume her name, as has been told.

The rest of his history may be comprised in a very few words. The very next morning after her marriage, his virtuous bride, finding that he was an adventurer as well as herself, eloped, and returned to her old occupation; and when he went in the evening to Mrs. Commode's to enquire after her, he was arrested for an hundred and fifty pounds, due from his lady to that honest woman, who down-faced him, that she had had no hand in making up the match, not having been out of her own house all the day before, nor even known any thing of it, till she had notice sent her by the bride. This was a stroke he was not able to recover. He was carried to a spunging-house, and

more demands came in from thence to the fleet, where he had time to consider of methods to retrieve his misfortunes, whenever he should be at liberty to put them in practice, of which he could not flatter himself with any speedy prospect.

However, he obtained relief sooner than he expected, and from a quarter, where he never thought of applying; the day of Eusebius's marriage with Amanda, which our hero contributed not a little to hasten, a gentleman, who had been at the fleet the evening before, and heard his story, happening to call in at Mr. Commerce's to breakfast, told it in common chat, not knowing that they knew any thing of him, for he never mentioned a syllable of his attempt upon Amanda, to any one. Such a scene of villainy struck them with horror. As soon as the gentleman was gone, for he knew nothing of the intended wedding, which was to be private; they all expressed their concern for the unhappy creature's ruin, particularly Eusebius, as he could not help thinking himself, in some measure accessory to it, by having first made him known to that base wretch Commode.

Mr. Commerce, who read the thoughts of Eusebius and Amanda in their looks at each other, though some delicate, but different reasons prevented their declaring them, resolved to gratify their desires, and his own inclinations, by an act of uncommon generosity and virtue. "I understand you, my children," said he, "and am well pleased to do, what I see you both desire. He shall be relieved. On this blessed day, no one shall be unhappy upon your accounts." "Oh, my father," exclaimed they, both falling at his knees, and embracing them. "Heaven bless my children," returned the enraptured father, as he raised them to his breast, a tear of pious joy and affection stealing down every cheek, "heaven bless you both, and reward your virtue."

As soon as he recovered from the tenderness of this happy scene, he went to execute his promise, and calling upon his attorney, a gentleman of worth and

character, took him with him to the fleet; where our unfortunate hero was not more surprised to see him, than he was rejoiced, at hearing the motive of his coming. The attorney upon examining into his affairs, soon advised his being enlarged upon bail, as most of the demands that oppressed him, were such iniquitous impositions as would be immediately set aside in a court of justice. While this was doing, Mr. Commerce entered into conversation with him, and finding that he was utterly at a loss what to turn himself to, proposed his going into the army, and upon his ready compliance, completed his favor to him, by supplying him with money to prepare for such a way of life, and procuring him a commission in a few days, when he went directly to join his regiment, which was then in the field, where he soon concluded his adventures by an honorable death in the field of battle.

As for the other eminent personages, who have made a figure in this history, they all preserved their characters to the last. Our hero's mother took up the trade of selling fruit, which she carried about to the coffee houses, particularly those resorted to by her countrymen, neatly made up in paper, and presented them to gentlemen, without the vulgar way of bargaining; for the smallest portion of which, she never would accept less than silver. But this was not her only trade; for, under the color of this introduction, she carried on an extensive business, in the mysteries of private intrigue, and had the credit of promoting many a tradesman's daughter and milliner's apprentice, from behind a counter, to sumptuous lodgings in a genteel part of the town. Mademoiselle, upon receiving Mr. Commerce's message, put a scheme in execution, which she had always designed, and returned to her native country with the spoils of all whom she could persuade to let her get into their debt. Mrs. Commode, whose character was very doubtful before, was so exposed by this affair, that she soon became a bankrupt, when joining with her former confederate, our hero's wife, she set up a

coffee-house, in the purlieu's of Covent Garden, from whence she was, in a little time, sent to follow the more reputable occupation of picking oakum, for attempting some pieces of finesse not allowable by law, but this did not happen till after she had performed the last duties to her partner, who died in an hospital.

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, Surgeon on board the Northumberland.

(Continued.)

"WHERE," said he, "were you educated?"—I replied, "in Edinburgh"—You have very eminent professors there I know; I remember doctor Brown's system was in repute during my first Italian campaign. I have read of your other men of note, and I wish you would call them to my recollection by repeating their names." I accordingly mentioned BLACK in Chemistry; MONRO in Anatomy and Surgery, and GREGORY in Physic; but, at the same time I observed, that while I particularised these distinguished characters whose pupil I was; I could name others of equal merit in the different schools in the British empire.—"I never knew," said Napoleon, "but one physician who was infallible in his diagnostics. He was certain in his discovery of the nature and seat of a disease; his name was Dubos; but strange to say, he could not prescribe: and, consequently, would never undertake the treatment or cure of a complaint whose character his acumen could so accurately penetrate." I observed, "that he had a very able surgeon with him in Egypt, monsieur Larry." "Yes," he answered, "he was excellent in his field arrangements, but I have had men with me, who in scientific knowledge, were far superior to him." "Mr. Percy," I said, "who joined you on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, had the reputation of superior professional talents." "Ah," he exclaimed, with a glow on his countenance, "how did you know that?" I must either have read of it in Larry's Publication, or heard it mentioned by general Bertrand.—He continued.

"It was my intention in France to have classed your profession into three divisions. I have always respected it: it is a science and more than a science; because it requires a knowledge of several: Chemistry, Anatomy, Botany, and Physic.—For the first class I should have selected the most eminent of

the profession." "But how, general, would you have discovered them?"—"By their reputation, income, and the figure which they made in the world." "But would not that plan be liable to objection? many men of merit live in obscurity."—"Then there let them remain," he said, "what else are they fit for? if I were to choose a surgeon from your fleet, should not I take him from the Northumberland in preference to the little brig?"—"There general, you may also be mistaken." "No, no, no; a man of talent in every station and condition in life will discover himself. Depend upon it I should be safe, in a general sense, in adopting my own plan. The first ranks should have had some honorary marks of distinction, exclusive of that respect in private life which their education will always command. The third class should be humble in the extreme; nor would they have been permitted to administer any thing beyond the most inoffensive medicines." "Perhaps, sir," "I remarked, "after such an arrangement, you might, according to our English custom, have submitted future candidates to an examination." "Yes," he replied, "that might have been right."

'A physician,' continued he, 'appears to me to resemble a general officer. He must be a man of observation and discernment, with a penetrating eye. Possessed of these qualities, he will discover the strength of the enemy's position. Thus far, doctor Dubos could go, and no farther. A sagacious practitioner will just employ sufficient force to dispossess the enemy of his strong hold: a force beyond that might injure the citadel. Now, I think, if you carry your mercury too far you must do mischief; so I say of the practice of Sangrado.'—I then expressed to him my surprise at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary life. 'Yes,' he said, 'my health has been very good.' When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint; as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient, both of the body and the mind.'—'It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt.'—'I was very thin; and at that time subject to a very bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to doctor Corvesart, who blistered me twice on the chest.' 'Report also said, that you were then subject also to an eruption, at least on the skin.—Your friend Goldsmith says so.'—'Yes,' he answered, 'I will tell you.'—Never shall I forget the pleasant manner in which he related this anecdote.

'At the siege of Toulon, I commanded a small battery of two guns. One of your boats approached close to the shore, and firing their gun, killed two canoneers by my side. I seized a ram-rod when it fell from the dead soldier's warm hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased; and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate *itch*. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and at that time succeeded. Five years after, I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had lurked in my blood during the whole interval. Of that I was shortly cured, and have never had any return.'

I now perceive, my dear—that I shall bring this letter myself; but I well know it will not be the less welcome because the writer is the bearer of it.—I shall therefore continue my narrative without any further interruption to the end.

The Newcastle and Orontees appeared from the heights of St. Helena on the morning of the 19th of June. My delight on the occasion is not easily to be expressed.

I now bent my steps to Longwood, where I arrived about ten in the morning; and I was no sooner known to be there, than Napoleon sent to desire I would breakfast with him in the garden. On my appearing he said, 'you are come to take leave of us.'—'I am come up, general, with that intention.'—'You will breakfast then,' he added, pointing to a chair, which the attendant in waiting immediately placed for me. The following conversation then took place.

'Have you had letters from your friends?'—'No, sir, the ships cannot reach the bay before evening.' 'Is the admiral known?' 'Yes, he is admiral Malcolm.' 'Are you glad to return to England?' 'Very glad indeed.' 'I am not surprised at it: but have you heard any news?' 'The last store-ship which came from England, brought some new publications: The Quarterly Review; a book styled Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk; &c.; and Boyce's Buonaparte.' 'Have you read them?' 'I have indeed, and with more than common interest.' 'And what occasioned this particular feeling of interest?' 'There is more truth and candor displayed in these two publications than any I have hitherto read; and more particularly the work of Mr. Boyce, which I should wish you to see.' 'Why, then, did you not buy it for me?' 'There happened, general, to be but one copy on the island, and it was purchased by a gentleman, on his way to China, who wished me to read it, that, by correcting any inaccuracies I might observe, the work would become doubly interesting to his friends in that part of the world.' 'Is it like the work of Helen Maria Williams?' 'Very superior, and much more authentic.' 'Of

what does it treat ? ' Your motives for quitting Elba: your subsequent conduct, from your landing at Frejus till you embarked in the Bellerophon. They still, however, represent you as subject to violent fits of passion, taking hasty strides across your apartment, with other impetuous marks of anger and disappointment. There is also a pathetic story related of the introduction of general Solignac, when he waited upon you from the chamber of deputies, to urge your abdication. This author, as well as Paul, whose letters are under a feigned name, gives very interesting particulars of Waterloo. It will, I think, make you smile, general, when I tell you that your guide La Coste is not forgotten. He is represented as having been most dreadfully frightened.' 'Frightened! at what?' 'At the balls, sir, that were flying about him. It is said also, that you, at the time, rallied and consoled him with the assurance, that it was much more honorable to receive a ball in the breast than in the back. Besides, he is made to complain, that he was very inadequately recompensed for the labour and dangers of the day; that a single Napoleon was his only reward.' Napoleon instantly replied, with an intelligent smile, 'It might as well have been said five hundred.' I continued:—

'Mr. Boyce appears to me to have been very attentive to accuracy in his report of the two contending armies.' 'What number,' I was instantly asked, 'does he give to that of France?' 'He quotes from an officer, and makes them to have been seventy thousand.' The reply was—'I had seventy-one thousand: and how many English is it stated there were in the field?' 'Including the German Legion, I understand there were thirty thousand British troops; which, united with the Belgians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, formed a whole of sixty-eight thousand men.' 'How many Prussians were there under Bulow?' 'I cannot correctly say, perhaps fifteen thousand.' 'And how many on the arrival of Blucher, in the evening?' 'I really do not know: but it is said that the Duke of Wellington acknowledges how very happy he felt at the appearance of his old friend; and that the person did not exist who could have been more welcome to him in the course of the evening than Blucher.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

In our endeavours to correct each others faults, we should not forget that they are like sores of the body, which no one can bear roughly handled. In either case, hard friction irritates, and often makes bad worse.

BIBLE ELOQUENCE.

Concluded from our last.

Now, permit me, worthy Chairman, to take a glance at Ireland, the sister kingdom. United as she is to this country by ties which are mutual, and I trust never to be broken, she has involved with yours her interest, her existence, and her happiness. I must lament the misguided policy of that system which has cramped her energies, and operated in a way inimical to the designs of this institution, inasmuch as it has tended to irritate the mind, or produce a servile habit; to abase her native character, and demoralize the people. The circumstances that have evolved since the period of our connection, it is unnecessary, it would be invidious to detail—they are written in the heart-rending characters of crime and revolution; may they be blotted from the page of recollection, and the commencement of a new æra obliterate the remembrance of the past! A brighter day dawns upon my native country; the horizon brightens in my view!—Education, that potent genius, confers upon its objects the wisdom and experience of past ages, expands the mind, informs the intellect, and cultivates those talents that adorn life, and cheer its tedious journey. It may, when I mention Ireland, be in a peculiar sense termed the *Esaias* of the gospel. Education gains ground rapidly in that country; Lancaster has given impulse to the generous feeling of an Irish public; he needs no mausoleum to record his labours, or transmit his name to posterity; he will leave behind many living monuments; he forms the character of the rising generation, and their virtues will embalm his memory. Schools multiply among us, and will, I trust, at no distant period, be open to the whole mass of our population. But let the Bible accompany the march of intellect; for as the moon derives from the sun her light, and pours her silver ray upon creation, so does education derive all its lustre from religion, and become at once an ornament and a blessing. The

British and Foreign Bible Society, which, in the beautiful harmony of its system, can attend to the minute, or embrace the whole, looked with anxious eye upon Ireland, and under its auspices the Hibernian Society was established, and rose with rapid but progressive steps to importance. You will have some idea of its progress when I tell you, that in one year not less than 28 branch Bible Societies became connected with the Irish Institution, and now not a single county in that kingdom is without its Bible Society, while in some there are two or three. In the same time, between 20 and 30,000 copies of the Bible and Testament were distributed; and they were received and read with avidity—Oh! methinks I see at the close of the evening, under the spreading foilage, before his mud-wall cottage, the spectacled eye of the aged peasant, intent on the sacred volume, his family around him, all deriving from it their ideas of good and evil. Even the catholic proffers his assistance—(I hail it as a favorable omen for the future.) You will excuse me while I relate to you a most interesting circumstance. A respectable catholic priest in Ireland who had admitted the Testament into his parish, one day thus addressed his flock;—"I hold in my hand the New Testament in the Irish language; I shall now read to you, in a language which you all understand, the gospel for the day, which you have just now heard in a language you did not understand," and he read a chapter according to St. Matthew. They all listened with earnestness and attention. "Be not disturbed," said he, "by any reports you may hear relative to the difference between the protestant and catholic translations; there is just as much difference between them, as in my saying 2 and 4 make 6, and 4 and two make six—a difference in the words makes no alteration in the sense. You will hear those scriptures continually from our children, and hearing may you find salvation." If this union of catholic and protestant become general, it will be attended with incalculable

benefit to that country; it will stifle that spirit of intolerance, which has, like the Sirocco of the desert, sometimes unseen, but always with fatal certainty, blasted the germ of virtue, and blighted the bud of genius.

But a prominent feature in the history of the British and Foreign Bible Society is, that the female part of the community are marshalled in its ranks. Objections have indeed been made to their active co-operation, as if women were to be here the partners in our toils, and not candidates for eternity; but, in defiance of prejudice, thirteen Female Bible associations exist on the continent of America, two in this country, and one in the metropolis of the sister kingdom, which, patronized by ladies of the first rank and character, has already proved an efficient auxiliary to the national institution in Dublin; and though it may not be found necessary or expedient generally to establish those associations, yet, knowing the influence of the female character on society, we would wish to enlist them in our service. Oh! when the maternal smile diffuses happiness around you, and the domestic circle basks in the sunshine of your presence; when you cherish with the milk of human kindness your rising offspring, and imbue their tender minds with the principles you derived from that oracle which gives to every social bond its awful sanction—to life the charms of the present, and in the spirit of prophecy, and certainty to the future; you will tell them millions are still destitute of the blessing, but that there exists in the land that gave them birth an institution which promises the inestimable gift to every kindred, nation, tongue, and people under heaven's canopy; and which, when the prisoner is released from his captivity, gives him the Bible as his legacy, which tells him to unclasp his helmet, and sheath his sword, to let it sleep forever in its scabbard: which, breathing peace, arrests the warrior in his career, when he goes forth, like a destroying angel, to immolate thousands at the gory shrine of a lawless and infuriate ambition; which, by

removing the cause, will release us from all the calamities of war—the greatest curse and moral evil afflicted humanity ever entailed upon itself.

The Bible Society, in its progress, will level that mound which has so long separated the Mahometan, the Jew, and the Gentile; the deluded follower of the false prophet will lay aside his alcoran, and receive the Bible; the Israelite will reject the talmud, and own his saviour; and the Gentile will flock to the ensign which “has been set up for the nations, to assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four quarters of the globe.” This society has traversed Europe, making every capital the estuary of its love and successful labours. In Asia the pious missionary—who goes like Paul, bound in the spirit, not knowing what may befall him on his journey—who surrenders all his present enjoyments to endure perils, hunger, and fatigue, and climbs the hill, or descends the valley, to publish the glad tidings of the gospel—is become the active instrument of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and trims the midnight lamp to give the Bible to the Hindoo in an intelligible language, to rescue him from perishing on the banks of the Ganges, or from being crushed under the vehicle that carries his wooden god.—The millions of Chinese, lost in idolatry, and ignorant of that resurrection which is the earnest of their own, are already visited; and you will irrigate the deserts of Tartary with the fertilizing streams of the gospel; there will be given unto them the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Sharon and of Carmel. Nor are the remote and extensive regions of Northern Asia beyond the reach of your genial influence; the Siberian exile, whether lost in the deep recess of some lonely glen, or buried in the eternal gloom of his dreary forests, when light shines into darkness, will bless you. For more than two centuries has western Africa been visited by Europeans, but, alas! the flag under which they sailed was long the signal for rapine and desolation, though now the harbinger

of peace and blessing. You have indeed signed the death-warrant of slavery, broken the chains of negro thralldom, and told the sons of Guinea to be free; it remains, then for you who have released the body from its fetters, to emancipate that part which is immortal, to point to an everlasting inheritance, to that kingdom whose light is God, and whose foundation is eternity. May “He who can draw out the leviathan with a hook,” put his yoke upon the barbarian, and christianize through the instrumentality of this institution, that extensive continent, from its interior to its extreme shores. But let us cross the Atlantic: there is a numerous family; more than 120 Bible Societies have started into existence in North-America; the Indian, wandering in his native wilds, is an object of their charity; the Esquimaux even now read the scriptures in their own language.—Nor has the southern continent of the new world been forgotten; it has been visited by the bounty of that society which considers the whole human family equal in their claim, as the children of one universal Parent. Oh! could we hover on the wing of fancy, in the blue concave, and behold our sun but as a twinkling star, and the every twinkling star that light up the fabric of nature, as the sun and centre of another system!—Could we see the Almighty Father with his fiat give impulse to all the planetary worlds that revolve around them, while we contemplated the immensity of the design, and the magnitude of the power that could accomplish it! lost in wonder & astonishment, the mind would sink into its own vacuity. But, when we remember that the same supreme intelligence which supports the whole, has condescended to reveal his will to mankind for their government, and give, through the mediator of the new covenant, a more perfect dispensation; Oh! then, to muse his “ineffable praise,” we must call in the aid of expressive silence,” and while we receive the invaluable favour, let us give some evidence of our gratitude by the diffusion of the blessing. Let then the British

mariner and christian, offering in one hand the documents of Heaven, with the other unfurling the swelling canvas to the gales of a propitious Providence to explore every region and every clime, touch upon every shore, and visit every Island that rises from the bottom of the ocean. May we not look forward to that time when the temple of the Juggernaut, of the Lama, and the Japanese idol, and every temple that has an altar raised unto the unknown God, will be in ruins, and one universal temple be erected, in which the people will be the living church—the heart the altar, and the incense adoration and gratitude. To realize this rapturous prospect and prophecy, some may offer their time, some their talents, and others a pecuniary sacrifice; all may throw their mite into the treasury, looking for a reward in that undiscovered country where the light will yet burst upon your enraptured vision. A young man has trespassed too long upon your attention; there may be those, but I trust there is no one present, who will call zeal, enthusiasm, or an expression of interest in the concerns of this noble institution, presumption. In such a cause we must not be abashed by the strictures of the critic, the frown of the worldling, or the malignant smile of ignorance and envy:—let me then petition you for the millions of human beings who are still sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism and degradation; for the wild Arab, and the tawny Hottentot; for the savage devouring cannibal; for the wretched inhabitant of Terra del Fuego, whether he traverse the mountain covered with burning lava or cloathed in perpetual snows; for the Indian still wielding the murderous tomahawk, and the shivering native of Kamschatka. Oh! on such a theme, I forget my humble character, and would intreat you, by that love which is the characteristic of the gospel we promulgate, and which flows universal to the whole human family; by every domestic duty, and social obligation; by the shedding of that blood which was to seal and ratify the new covenant; to aid us in the accomplish-

ment of this our one grand object, till every mountain rise an altar, and every stream flow a libation; till every valley ring with Hosanna, and every mouth become vocal with one utterance! In our own favoured country, we will give stability to the throne and constitution, peace to the community, and to the state a vigorous and enlightened population—we will do more than this, we will make the Bible the religion of the world!"

JAMES MONROE, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following character of JAMES MONROE is extracted from *The British Spy*; or letters to a member of the British Parliament, written during a tour thro' the U. States, supposed by a young Englishman of rank.* They were probably written about 1801 or 2. Whoever the writer was, he appears to have possessed much candor, and great "good sense of the public pulse." In hereditary governments, it is a matter of no great moment to enquire into, whether the Heir Apparent be a wise man or a fool; but in a *Representative Government*, it is of material consequence that the people should be well acquainted with the characters of their candidates for office, that they may give their suffrages to none but the meritorious.—Ægis.

THE ***** of this commonwealth is the same ***** who was, not many years ago, the ***** at Paris. His present office is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which he is held by his native State. In his stature he is about the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing further remarkable in his person, except its muscular compactness and apparent ability to endure labour. His countenance, when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility; a smile however, (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle) lights it up to very high advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. Judging merely from his

* But now known to be Mr. Wirt, of Va.

countenance, he is between the ages of forty-five and fifty years.—His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite and even assiduous attentions; but these, although they are always well-timed, and evidently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an awkward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion that Mr. ***** is a man of a most sincere and artless soul.

Nature has given him a mind neither rapid nor rich: and therefore, he cannot shine on a subject which is entirely new to him. But to compensate him for this, he is endued with a spirit of restless and generous emulation, a judgment solid, strong and clear, and a habit of application which no difficulties can shake, no labours tire. With these aids, simply, he has qualified himself for the first honours of his country, and presents a most happy illustration of the truth of the maxim, *Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*, for his emulation has urged him to perpetual and unremitting inquiry; his patient and unwearied industry has concentrated before him all the lights which others have thrown on the subjects of his consideration, together with all those which his own mind, by repeated efforts, is enabled to strike; while his sober, steady and faithful judgment has saved him from the common error of more quick and brilliant geniuses, the too hasty adoption of specious but false conclusions. These qualifications render him a safe and able counsellor; and by their constant exertion he has amassed a store of knowledge which, having passed seven times through the crucible, is almost as highly corrected as human knowledge can be; and which, certainly, may be much more safely relied on, than the spontaneous and luxuriant growth of a more fertile but less chastened mind—"a wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

Having engaged very early, first in the life of a soldier, then of a statesman, then of a laborious practitioner of the law, and finally again, of a politician, his intellectual operations have been almost entirely confined to judicial and political topics. Indeed it is easy to perceive, that the mind of a man engaged in so active a life, must possess more native suppleness, versatility and vigor than that of Mr. *****; to be able to make an advantageous tour of the Sciences in the rare interval of importunate duties.

It is possible that the early habit of contemplating subjects, as expanded as the earth itself, with all the relative interests of the great nations thereof, may have inspired him with an indifference, perhaps an inaptitude for mere points of literature.

Algernon Sidney has said that he deems all studies unworthy the serious regard of a man, except the principles of just government; and Mr. ***** perhaps concurs with our countryman as well in this as in all his other principles.—Whatever may have been the occasion, his acquaintance with the fine arts is certainly very limited and superficial; but making allowances for his bias towards republicanism, he is a profound and even an eloquent statesman.

Knowing him to be attached to that political party, who, by their opponents, are called sometimes, democrats, sometimes jacobins, and aware also that he was a man of warm and even ardent temper, I dreaded much, when I first entered his company, that I should have been shocked and disgusted with the narrow, virulent and rancorous invectives of party animosity. How agreeably, how delightfully was I disappointed! Not one sentiment of intolerance polluted his lips. On the contrary, whether they are the offspring of rational induction, of the habit of surveying men and things on a great scale, of native magnanimity, or of a combination of all those causes, his principles as far as they were expressed, were forbearing, liberal, widely extended and great.

As the elevated ground which he already holds has been gained merely by the dint of application; as every new step which he mounts, becomes the means of encreasing his powers still farther, by stimulating his enterprize afresh, re-invigorating his habits, multiplying the materials and extending the range of his knowledge, it would be no matter of surprise to me, if before his death, the world should see him at the head of the American administration.*—So much for the ***** of the Commonwealth of Virginia: a living, an honourable and illustrious monument of self-created eminence, worth and greatness.

* Truly predicted.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN SICILY.

Extracted from a letter written by a young Officer on board the U. S ship Washington, to his Sister in Philadelphia, dated Messina, December 21, 1816.

"A FEW days since I witnessed a scene of which I will attempt to give you an account. In catholic countries, one church of each parish is obliged to keep the holy sacrament ready to administer at any moment, in case of danger of death. It is kept in a small silver vessel on the altar, called, I think the Pyx. It is worshipped as containing the body of Christ. Some person stole it from a church thinking it valuable, although its intrinsic worth was not more than five or ten dollars at most. It was missed in the evening.—The whole city was in uproar in a moment. The bells rang the excommunication. Every countenance was marked with horror and rage. All night the streets were thronged with processions of monks with large torches, singing and lamenting, followed by a large crowd of people, making the most hideous lamentations; and threatening the criminal. The next morning all business was ordered to be suspended, and the city to do penance for three days, by putting on their penitential robes, and marching in

procession through the streets with crowns of thorns on their heads. I went with an Italian physician, a man of great talents and a most strict catholic, to see the church where the crime was committed. The crowd was immense, all in tears, lamenting and groaning, begging forgiveness and execrating the perpetrator. After some difficulty we got to the church. It was covered with persons on their knees and faces, crying most piteously, (catholic churches have no pews or benches, you either kneel or stand,) I was shocked beyond measure. I almost imagined that the pictures of the saints and apostles, with which the churches abound, seemed affected. I hurried home as soon as possible, glad to be out of sight of so much apparent misery. The streets for three days were filled with penitents in procession. Monks and priests innumerable. The criminal, if detected, is to be dragged through the streets, tied to a horse's tail, and then burnt, and his ashes to be scattered, &c. The same circumstance occurred at this place one hundred and fifteen years ago, with this difference, the thief emptied the sacrament on the altar, which lessened the crime. He was never found, but the Pyx was, in the middle of the square, with three wax candles burning by it. On the spot was erected an iron cross, which stands to this day, a monument of the superstition of the times.

I suppose nearly one half the inhabitants are supported by the church, which reduces the remaining one quarter to beggary; the other quarter is composed of nobles, merchants, &c. and soldiers; of the last there is a large proportion. The streets are thronged with beggars from morning to night; the most dreadful looking poor creatures you can imagine; large families of children, who sleep about in the streets, on the bare ground, in alleys, or under carriages, &c. In the day time you will have a number of poor creatures following you begging, and whichever side you turn your eyes, you will see miserable wretches sitting in the sun naked, with their rags in their hands,

from which they are picking vermin.--- You will not be able to imagine such things; but I assure you, if I was to walk into the balcony this moment, I could see more than one. You will also see the great fat monks and priests walking by as unconcerned as possible. Since writing the above, I walked to the window, and almost the first object that met my eyes was a poor creature born lame, sitting in the sun employed as above; the poor thing cannot walk, and is generally carried by one that is blind. Such sights are as common in this place, as the rising and setting of the sun, and creates as little surprise.

WESTERN AMERICA.

FROM accounts which reach us daily, we are induced to believe that in no year since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, has the "tide of emigration" set so strongly westward as the last. The rapid advancement of the Atlantic states in population, added to the prodigious influx of European superabundance, have sent forth thousands and tens of thousands to inhabit our remote western forests where no "white man's tread" had ever been recognised before. Looking only a few years thro' the vista of futurity, what a sublime spectacle presents itself! Wildernesses, once the chosen residence of solitude or savageness, converted into populous cities, smiling villages, beautiful farms and plantations! The happy multitude, busy in their daily occupations, manifest contentment and peace, breathing their gratitude and their prayers only to the great King of Kings! The wild Indian, taught by mild persuasion and example, is become an enthusiast in the cause of civilization—behold him cultivating his fields, or at his cabin-door studying the Book of Life! The Mississippi rolls her proud waves as before, but her bosom is ploughed by thousands of keels, and her surface whitened by thousands of sails, bearing the produce of millions of industrious citizens, to its destined mart! What a scene—how beautiful, how grand!—yet not ideal: another century will realise it. Yes—

this fine country is destined to become the firmest foot-hold of the Genius of American Liberty—and should he ever be driven from the Atlantic shores, he will take his stand on the "loftiest peak of the Alleghany," and shout to his votaries—"Here is my hold—here have I erected an empire beyond the reach of despots, which will still endure when the "stream of time shall have drained into the vast ocean of eternity."——
Petersburg Intelligencer.

VARIETY.

A Young Lady to her Lover.

My thoughts on you can never dwell;
Heart breaking as it seems to you;
Kind flattering words I cannot tell;
Sir, take my meaning it is true.
Indeed I plainly speak my mind,
You've only now one more to find,
Won by your art, she may be kind,

He read the first word in each line to find,
her real meaning.

EPITAPH ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

Here lies a man than whom no better's
walking.
Who was when sleeping even, always tall-
king;
A king by birth was he, and yet no king,
In life was *thin-king*, and in death was JO-
KING.

Some years ago a person requested permission of the Bishop of Salisbury to fly from the top of the spire of that cathedral. The good bishop with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual, as well as temporal safety, told him he was very welcome to flie to the church, but he would encourage no man to *fly from it*.

A gentleman by the name of *Marble* was married to Miss *Moss*, in defiance of the proverb—"A rolling stone will never gather moss."

The love of money is an opiate, that often lulls conscience asleep, and blinds the judgment.

Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

THE MUSE REVIVED.

AGAIN the muse, in her poetic car,
Bold ventures forth to breathe the vernal
air,
And hail the renovating pow'r of Spring :
In loose, unequal numbers,
She rouses from her slumbers,
And makes an effort once again to sing.

By winter's icy chains,
Which bind the hills and plains,
Her mournful harp in thralldom has been
bound ;
But now her tuneful string
Makes town and country ring ;
And hills and vales are ravish'd with the
sound.

So wrapt in calm repose,
Thro' winter's frosts and snows,
The timid swallow in concealment lies ;
But when returns the cheerful Spring,
She skims the air on flutt'ring wing,
And joys in balmy gales and genial skies.

Ye virtuous fair of various station,
The pride and beauty of our nation,
Oh ! grant me but an approbating smile ;
So shall the muse, as ye inspire,
Enraptur'd sweep her home-taught lyre,
In strains which may a lonely hour beguile.

A. STRONG.

Durham, (N. Y.) May 20, 1817.

SUN-RISE AT SEA.

I saw thee rise, bright lamp of heaven !
I saw thee rise from ocean's breast ;
The sight was fair ; for calm as even,
The wearied waves had sunk to rest,
Spirit of Light ! I saw thee climb,
With lustre pure, the dark-wave clouds,
Till thou had'st reach'd that height sublime,
Where Deity himself enshrouds.
And so methinks, the Christian's soul
Ought rise, refulgent orb, like thee,
Till it hath reach'd its heav'nly goal,
Secure above life's troubled sea ;
O, then in vain the wave might roll,
To hide its native majesty.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

TO H*****

AH ! tell me why, when you are near,
My heart with sweetest transport swells !
And why your absence draws the tear
When memory o'er your goodness dwells.

What means the blush that dyes my cheek !
And what the deep unhidden sigh ?
And why I tremble when you speak
Or chance to gaze, Ah ! tell me why ?

Has the soft passion o'er my breast,
E'en to myself unconscious stole ?
Does ceaseless care and banish'd rest
Proclaim its empire o'er my soul ?

Ah ! if 'tis so, must I conceal
And from its influence seek to fly,
Why may I not my love reveal
And plead *return*, ah ! tell me why ?

FLORIAN.

MORNING.

SLOWLY, from the sleeping vale,
See the misty volumes rise,
O'er the heathy summit sail,
There commixing earth and skies.

See ! before the God of day,
Fly the shades of sable night ;
Ev'ry songster on the spray
Blithly hails returning light.

Chief of all, the early lark,
Quitting for awhile his young,
Soars amid the heav'ns, and hark !
Sweetly swells his matin song.

Peasants, from their beds of rest,
Hasten o'er the dripping heath ;
Joyful view the glowing east
Tinge the valley far beneath.

Sportive, on the dark-brown hill,
Tender lambs delight to play ;
Now beside the trickling rill,
Now to distant verdure stray.

Cheering is the passing gale
To the pallid cheek of woe,
Wafting, fragrant, from the vale
Ev'ry sweet the flow'rs bestow.

From the Savannah Daily Gazette.

A THOUGHT

*On the Descent of the Names of Heroes,
in the more illustrious race of Animals.*

FORTUNE, alas ! how sportest thou on earth !
Fame, thou'rt a wind !—a bubble gave thee
birth !

Say, where those names which set the world
on fire !

Where does the pride of Greece and Rome
retire ?

Hector's dread name now marks the butcher's
dog !

Cato keeps sheep, and *Brutus* drives a hog !
Look ye for *Pompey* ? search the tanner's
yard ;

You'll meet with *Cæsar* in an orchard's
guard ;

But rivals still for fame, unknown to fears,
A bone unpick'd, shall set them by the ears.

See *Scipio*, bolt of war, the bull essay !

While *Nero* (blood-hound still) makes man
his prey !

Thus fares it with renown ! Nor gods retain
the jot of reverence to their sacred name :

Juno ! *Mars* ! *Venus* ! lap dogs now and
bitches,

With mangy coats, are drown'd, and float
in ditches.

Liv'd ye on earth, ye once fam'd pair of
sages,

Who view'd from different points the crimes
of ages,

Now would'st* thou weep for greatness so
burlesq'd ?

How would'st† thou laugh at dogs in regal
vest ?

BOW-WOW !

* *Heraclitus.*

† *Democritus.*

THE ROSE TO THE ZEPHYR.

O ! on what purple-blossom'd heath
Dost thou, my love, delight to stay,
And waste on air thy fragrant breath,
Whilst I lament thy long delay ?

Or lov'st thou more the attic shade,
Pleas'd on thy downy wings to rove,
And teach the verdant bloom to spread,
And wave the foilage of the grove ?

Or, haply, near some breezy hill
Thou breath'st the sweet Eolian air ;

Or, all beside some wizzard Rill,
Thou sigh'st amid his reedy hair.

Or leav'st thou, for the rugged waste,
The garden's round, the garden's Pride
Who waits to clasp thee to her breast
Fond as some blushing eastern bride.

Perchance, in Cytherea's train,
Thou wander'st in the Paphian grove,
To swell the warbled votive strain,
And fan the sacred fire of love.

There if, amid the scenes so gay,
Like me, some lonely, lovelorn fair,
To heart-consuming grief a prey,
Should breathe to thee her secret prayer ;

O ! whisper comfort to her breast,
And cherish still her glowing charms ;
And hush her anxious fears to rest,
And waft her lover to her arms.

O ! wheresoe'er thy pinions move,
O'er fairy isle, or summer sea,
Come to my arms, my life, my love !
And cheer a heart that droops for thee :

STANZAS

TO MR. D. CARY,

On his Poem of the "Pleasures of Nature."

In yonder wild-wood's deep recess ;
In yonder glades, with beauty crown'd ;
Where Nature in her loveliest dress
Has rob'd the smiling landscape round :

Oft, at the dewy close of even,
Oft as the vernal morning springs,
A Druid harp resounds to heaven,
A daring Minstrel smites the strings.

I hear him strike !—O, lyre divine !
Thy tones have power to chase despair ;
The voice of Nature bless'd that line !
The soul of poesy was there !

Now steals he *Philomela's* lay,
And sad I weep love's cruel slight ;
I sicken in the blaze of day,
And languish in the lunar light.

O ! ne'er may sorrow dim thine eye,
That long thy harp may sound to heaven ;
Oft as the morning gilds the sky,
Oft as descends the cloud of even !

DEATH.

DEATH conquers all, and levels with the
slave

The powerful king ; yet mortals start, and
shrink,

And fear to look the monster in the face ; —
But all is vain ! — Death shows men what
they are ;

And, as he finds them, so must they remain
Through the long period of eternity !

Eternity ! how awful ! how beyond
The thought of man ! " Imagination fails,
And is bewilder'd in a theme so vast ! " —

Then pause — and think if thou, when
gloomy Death

Shall stare thee in the face, and when thou'rt
forc'd

To leave this world, with all its empty joys,
Art fit to meet a holy God. If so,

'Thy state is happy, though the world may
frown ;

For Death shall waft thee to a happier shore,
Where pain shall cease to mingle with thy
bliss,

And thou shalt rise triumphant o'er thy foes.
If not, thy state is miserable *HERE* :

Though fortune smile amid the cares of life,
Thy conscience, that now sleeps, must soon
awake,

And thou shalt feel the scourge that sin de-
serves !

More pitiable still, when the freed soul
Shall rise to meet the fiat of its God ! —

Trust not to life — life is a span at most !

And, less — a vapour — dream — an empty tale.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1817.

Intelligence.



His Excellency the **PRESIDENT** of the United States, was on Wednesday forenoon escorted from the seat of the Vice-President, on Staten Island, to this city. He came up in the steam-boat Richmond, attended by the United States' sloop of war Saranac, Capt. Elton, and the Revenue Cutter Active, Capt. Cahoon. The Richmond anchored off the Battery about 12 o'clock, and the President and suite were land-

ed on the battery, from a handsomely decorated barge, fitted up for the occasion at our Navy Yard. After receiving the salutations of numerous official characters, His Excellency mounted a white horse, and passed in review of a splendid military line, a part of Major Gen. Morton's division of Artillery, formed on the Battery, attended by many officers of distinction. — This completed, he was escorted by the military to the City Hall. In front of this splendid edifice the President received the marching salute of the different corps as they passed through the Park. In the City Hall an address was delivered by the Mayor, in behalf of the city, and answered by the President. The President was also addressed by the Society of Cincinnati, and his answer most feelingly touched upon those times, when, with his brethren in arms, he was struggling for the independence of that country over which he has now the honour to preside. The ceremonies having ended here, His Excellency was escorted down Broadway and Wall street, to his lodgings at the Merchants'-Hotel.

The weather was fine and cool, with the wind at N. W. and every trophy of our national greatness, and every emblem of this rich metropolis, within our reach was displayed to very great advantage, and on no former occasion, has our military made so brilliant an exhibition.

The President was deeply impressed with the attention paid him, and in language dignified and becoming the First Magistrate of a great and free people, gave utterance to his feelings.

To go into a minute detail of the proceedings of the day, would not only tire the reader, but take from the great occasion its dignified character. The day was impressive — the President of these United States, the choice of the people was among us, and each individual, as it were, attracted his attention — and as becomes the Chief of a nation "first in Peace and first in War," he seemed to feel that he was indebted to the assembled concourse before.

him for his elevation to the Presidential Chair. May his administration prove that he is a virtuous and an able Statesman. The continued greatness of this Republic, depends upon the wise administration of it—and with this, all the world will respect and admire the rising power and happiness of this vast country.

In the evening, the City Hall was splendidly illuminated, and attracted that kind of attention which generally fascinates the bulk of society.—*Gaz.*

The proper authority of this state have declared that *De Wit Clinton*, Esq. has been duly elected Governor of this state,—and *John Taylor*, Esq. Lieutenant Governor.

On the 8th inst. the Coroner was called to view the body of Mary Myers, of this city, who committed suicide by hanging herself with a merino shawl, in Sullivan-street.

Lately died in Virginia, Mrs. Siddins, aged 70. She was so much affected by her son's carrying to market a favourite calf she had raised that as soon as the calf was out of sight she hung herself.

His Holiness Pope Pius VII, has addressed an order or decree to the chief bishop or primate of Poland, against Bible Societies. It is dated in June 1816, and puts Bibles, as circulated by protestants, (or heretics,) on the list of prohibited books; styling Bible Societies "a crafty device, by which the very foundations of religion are undermined, and highly injurious to the religion of Christ."

The Russians have lately formed an expedition from some of their settlements upon the N. W. Coast of America, and taken possession of one of the Sandwich Islands.

EFFECTS OF WAR.

Is said, that in the battle of Waterloo fifteen thousand men were killed within half an hour in an orchard not exceeding four acres in extent: the ranks being mowed down over and over again, and their places filled up with fresh victims. Fifteen thousand in four acres, is in the proportion of a little upwards of 23 to the perch or rod!

Our next number will conclude Warden's interesting Conversations with Bonaparte. Whether these conversations really did or did not take place we know not. In re-publishing them, we have only followed many of the most respectable publications in the United States, and we believe the generality of our readers are perfectly satisfied. To them and those who are not so, must be left the question of the Truth or Falsity of these Letters; the illiberal growling of 'A SUBSCRIBER' notwithstanding—It may however not be amiss to state, that while the *Edinburg Review* gives full credit to Warden's Letters, the *English Quarterly Review* condemns them in toto.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Blachford, Mr. William Givan, to Miss Charlotte Matilda Gillespy.

At the Narrows, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Smith, Dr. John Carpenter, of the U. States army, to Miss Margaret Smith of that place, daughter of the late Hugh Smith.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 41 persons in this City, during the week ending on the 7th inst.

DIED,

Mr. Adam Rennie, a native of Scotland, aged 36.

Mrs. Mary T. Smith, in the 28th year of her age, consort of Thomas H. Smith

Mrs. Margaret Beck, age 76, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Mrs. Sarah A. Gray, in the 35th year of her age, wife of Mr. James Gray

After a lingering illness, Mr. Charles Bird.

Mr. Dennis Ferrend.

Mr. Joseph White.

We mentioned some weeks since, the death of Frederick, King of *Wurtemberg* in the 63d year of his age. He occupied a large space in recent political events; and in despotism was a copyist of Buonaparte. His death was occasioned by a severe cold taken while examining on the spot a number of enormously large teeth of a *Mammoth*, which had been dug up in his kingdom; and which he purchased for his cabinet.—The extreme chill taken by him continued two hours; and was followed by his death in four days. He met death with the utmost tranquility—making arrangements and giving advice to his successor to the last moment. His successor, Frederick William, is said to be one of the most enlightened and liberal men of the age.—*Boston Centinel*.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

No. VI.

Monday, June 9.

The Deserted Daughter—The Broken Sword.—For the benefit of Mrs. Darley. —The friends and admirers of Mrs. Darley, were this evening gratified to find that a numerous and fashionable audience had assembled to testify their approbation of this amiable and accomplished actress. The piece she had selected, exclusive of its novelty, was recommended by its intrinsic excellence; its happy delineation of character, purity of morals, and peculiar adaptation to the capacity of the performers.

At the close of the first act, Mr. Simpson, in a handsome and feeling manner, announced to the audience the indisposition of Mrs. Darley, and, at the same time, her firm determination to proceed. Her noble resolution called forth an enthusiastic and reiterated applause, and on her first appearance in the second act, she was received with the most flattering testimonials of regard. It is needless to add, that she personated the lovely *Joanna* to general satisfaction, and that the peculiar inconvenience which she laboured under, gave additional interest and effect to her performance. Mr. Hilson in the character of *Item* was unusually successful; his anxiety and misery at the loss of the document which contained the evidence of his guilt, his emotions at discovering the finder, his agony at the impenetrable integrity of *Clement*, his frenzied supplication, and his furious despair, were specimens of the most finished and masterly action. Mr. Hilson forcibly called to our recollection, the *Sir Giles Overreach* of the inimitable *Cook*; and we sincerely think that Mr. H. would suffer little by the comparison.

We cannot here forbear noticing the harsh and unjustifiable treatment which Mr. Prichard received in consequence of a trifling and very natural mistake. A good natured laugh, or even pretended applause would have been pardonable; but to fix on a meritori-

ous and improving performer the stigma of ridicule which should be reserved for indecency, presumption, or egregious ignorance, betrays a degree of selfish cruelty equally unfeeling and unjust. Mr. Simpson appeared to great advantage as the eager and impetuous *Cheveril*. His unaffected animation, and his easy natural way of acting, we are convinced must always ensure applause. Mr. Robertson in *Donald* preserved to admiration the national characteristics of the Scotch; and on the whole the exertions of the performers and the approbations of the audience, justify us in saying that we seldom have seen a piece better supported or better received.

A

MASTRIX.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

Oh! for Hogarth's pencil to paint the scene, or Junius's grey-goose quill to write a description of the various scenes this city witnessed since Monday morning last. Such entreating the Milliner's; such praying the Mantuamakers, such running to the shoemakers (by the way I believe the shoemakers find it their interest to make us run) never has been seen or heard of since the *Orange Ball*. The confusion regularly increased until Tuesday evening "Here will I hold," from that time till ten o'clock next day—bedlam and babel bear no comparison.

Ten o'clock is at last come—now the scene commences: it may be imagined but not described. Every window, balcony, door, hole and crevice is—filled shall I say—no—stuffed with beauty.

At 12 o'clock his excellency arrived from Staten-Island, habited in a citizen's dress, and was handsomely received by a numerous and brilliant display of our military, and the greatest number of citizens ever collected on the Battery, who afterwards escorted him to the City Hall.

SHANDY.

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